



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Thus sav'd by me from death and ruin,
 Why dread the hug of MONSIEUR BRUIN?
 For once with me she forms alliance,
 Our UNION bids the Bear defiance;
 And while I guard her from the storm,
 Her fleece shall keep my carcase warm.
 Behold her manners rude and wild!—
 I'll teach politeness to the child;
 And when united with her betters,
 Like Chefferfield, I'll write her letters;
 So under IS GRIM's education,
 Of me she'll learn *civilization*.

Pray let me lead the lady hence;
 My lawyers shall make settlements,
 In full and binding force upon her;
 All this I promise on my honor,
 For me and for mine heirs for ever,
 And nought our UNION shall dis sever."

The subtle savage spake: his cunning
 Soon set the mother's head a running,
 Who puff'd with pride, began to scorn
 The sphere to which her child was born:—
 "Come, come," she cried, "good girl consider,
 And take at once so high a bidder:
 Cheer up, and show no bashful face,
 But cast a *sheep's eye* at his grace:
 Reject not this fair UNION pray,
 Such offers come not every day."

Perfused 'gainst her own opinion,
 Poor LAMB submits to WOLF's dominion;
 And comes with sad, averted eyes
 A cold, reluctant sacrifice.

See, o'er the ditch his bride he leads,
 Proud that his scheming craft succeeds;
 Now wearied with so long a fast,
 Anticipates the rich repast,
 In fancy feasts on every joint,
 So round, so plump, so *embonpoint*:
 Till to his den of slaughter come,
 He welcomes Mrs. IS GRIM home:
 Then looks around—"A pretty jest,"
 He cries, "what's here?—No dinner dress?
 Whence, Madam, this omission, pray?
 Thought you I would not dine to day?"

"Wreak not on me thy wrath," replied
 With fault'ring tongue, his helpless bride;
 "Consider, home with you I came,
 Then how am I, good Sir, to blame?
 Nor law, nor justice, can decree,
 You for *your* wants should punish *me*.
 Indeed it is no fault of mine,
 That you had nought to day to dine."

"Silence!" the savage growl'd; "nor dare
 To hope my hungry rage will spare;
 What! shall *you* crop the flow'ry plain,
 While for support I toil in vain?
 Shall that smooth fleece and pamper'd fide,
 Insult my lean and shabby hide?
 Such then the case, as I'm a sinner,
 I'll never go without my dinner.
 Vast are my debts, and I can ill
 Afford to pay my butcher's bill:
 Nay, Madam, why at me those looks?
 Heav'n sends us meat, the devil *Cooks*.
 Talk not to me that I'm unjust;
 If you don't bear the brunt, who must?"

He said, and horrible to tell,
 Fierce on his suppliant bride he fell;
 Her quiv'ring limbs the savage tore,
 And bath'd and revell'd in her gore.

The Sheep, who from the neighb'ring mead,
 Beheld the filial victim bleed;
 As now her sorrow came too late,
 Thus wail'd her wretched daughter's fate:
 "Why was I wheedled to consent,
 To what in vain I must repent?
 Alas I betrayed and left forlorn,
 With fruitless tears my child I mourn!
 OH YE, WHOM CRAFT IMPELS TO SEEK,
 SUCH UNION OF THE STRONG AND WEAK,
 BE WARN'D BY HER UNHAPPY FALL,
 NOR GIVE WHAT YE CAN NE'ER RECALL!"

OLD TELL TRUTH.

LOST,

FOR some time past, by a certain young Nobleman, either in the Castle or in the Parliament House, a very small sense of decency, which would be of no importance to the owner but that it was all he possessed in that way, and the want of it may injure him very materially with his patron. It was hoped to have been only astray until the motion for the committal of the regency bill demonstrated its being totally gone, and it is now known that the owner let it slip from between the most consummate vanity and the worst intentions with which it was packed up, but which still remain with him. Should any one attempt to use it, he may be certain that he shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Attorney General's new act. If offered for sale or pawn, it is requested notice may be sent to the Secretary's office.